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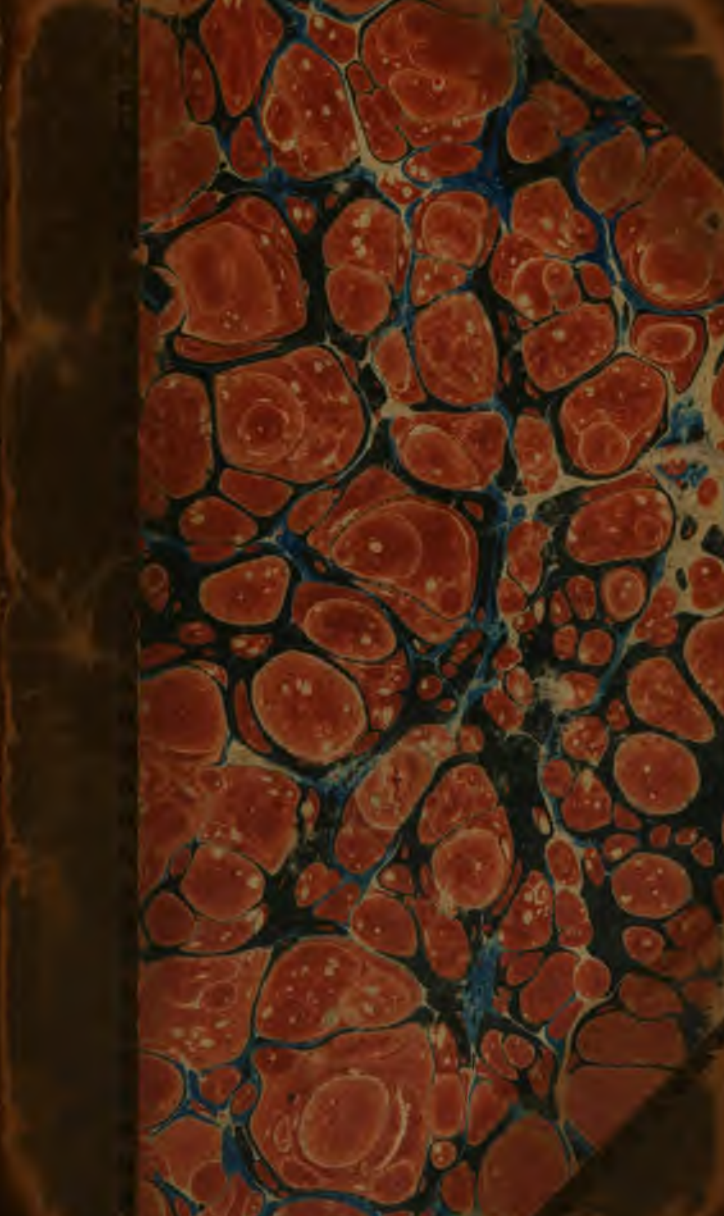
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S. H. 1828

✓

THE MAID

OF



THE GREEK ISLE;

LYRICS, &c.

by G. W.

"Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non Di, non concessere columnæ."

HORACE.

"Oh! I
Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul!
I'll climb betimes."

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR KNIGHT AND LACEY,
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M DCCC XXV.

266

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CONTENTS.

	Page
PREFACE	v
THE MAID OF THE GREEK ISLE	1
Note to Lyrics	35
Song—" Oh! shrink not, my girl, at the past that has perish'd"	39
Song—" Yes! many a time we've seen day's beam"	41
To Mary M—ti—er—" Oh, hinder me not! let me weep, let me weep"	44
Song—" As yonder path of moonlight glows"	48
Serenade—" When moonlight o'er fair Venice smiles".	49
Song—" When the day-beam of pleasure in sorrow had set"	52
Song—" 'Tis the first 'rose of summer'"	54
To my Brother—" It was when the foam of the wine-cup ran o'er"	56

	Page
To C. R—m—y—"Come, pardon me, love" . . .	58
Song—"As brightness still hangs in the evening sky" .	59
Duetto—"Hearest thou the robin singing" . . .	60
To Juliet C—l—n—"Nay, look not, my love, to yon starry sky"	63
Lines written at Midnight	64
Song—"The summer has faded"	66
Note	69
To Mary M—ti—er—"Mary, I've seen thy form decay" .	71
Notes	79

PREFACE.

LIKE other authors, I have an excuse to plead for the defects of my present production: not, however, that it was written in a vacant hour; not that it was published at the request of friends; not that it will be the last I shall obtrude on public notice;—but that most of it was composed in “Days o’ Lang Syne,”* and that it is all the produc-

* See page 35.

tion of one yet in his nonage. I trust the critic will believe, that though I enter not into a more lengthened acknowledgment of defects, it is not that I am less aware of them, or less desirous of pre-engaging his favour; but that by lamenting my inferiority in formally measured sentences, and by multiplying excuses for it, I should be directly classing myself with those who seek for undue indulgence, by the hackneyed and contemptible course of self-abasement. And though I am aware, that if I make my way to the temple of Fame through the scumlike crowd by which it is surrounded, it must be by far more strenuous exertions than the present; though un-

known and friendless as I now am in the literary world; still, I would rather be compared with excellence and condemned, than with inferiority, and commended. But *whatever* be the fate of this boyish production, I shall at least have the animating recollections that “ Moore ” will be remembered, when “ Little ” is forgotten; that the “ Hours of Idleness ” are but poor specimens of the genius of “ Byron ; ” and that had “ Kirke White ” lived, we might have expected something superior to “ Clifton Grove.”

My friends have pointed out instances in the following poem, where I had neglected the euphony of the line; those particular pas-

sages I have corrected : still, perhaps, similar ones may remain ; but as such are to be found in the compositions of the most correct, perhaps for me the acknowledgment of the fault will be excuse sufficient for it.

G. W.

CHELSEA,
April 19, 1825.

THE MAID
OF
THE GREEK ISLE.

B



THE MAID
OF
THE GREEK ISLE.

I.

THE mystic flame Mount Samos shows
When clouds, and midnight round it close, ⁽¹⁾
Now glimmering o'er the Ægean wave,
Reveals its many a storm-wrought grave,—
Or while the seaman's drifted on
With e'en the hope of succour gone,

Mockingly lights that distant shore
Which ne'er will meet his footstep more.—

II.

Whence was that sound? the tempest's gush,
The wind-shook tree, the water's rush,
The scream of the storm-scared seagull,
Was ne'er so sadly musical;—

Whence was that note which hurried by,
Soft as a pitying Angel's sigh,

Who gazes on the storms that lower
O'er guilty man in this dark hour?—

It comes no more; but broad, and bright,
A red flame glances on the sight;—

Is yon an elf-light on the strand,
Or torch that's grasp'd by mortal hand?—
By mortal hand—for the listening ear
Tells of a step approaching near.

III.

Near, and more near, the red flame glances,
And on the sight a form advances ;
The deep-mark'd brow, and sunken cheek,
The wild and evil eye, bespeak
That blighted heart, that darken'd mind,
Which guilt, and passion leave behind,—
That blighted heart, whose feelings now,
Like sear'd leaves on a sapless bough,
But tell how rank, and withering,
The late pure source from whence they spring ;—
That darken'd mind, which can descry
No light above to journey by,
Though reft of every earthly ray
That smiled but on its guiltless way.

IV.

The blood-gouts on his mantle's fold,
Not yet with the bleak night-wind cold,

Tell that e'en now his footsteps speed
From murderous, and night-shrouded deed ;
And though the strife be o'er, his hand
Still's pointing forth the naked brand,
The other grasps the streaming light
That guides him through the gusty night,
While o'er that arm a female form
Hangs senseless of the flight, or storm.

v.

The baracan that round her flows,
Full many a rent, and fragment shows,
Like milky cloud that in the wind
Leaves many a fleecy trace behind ;
The hectic's faintly fluttering streak,
That brightens on her paly cheek,
But renders it more coldly wan,
Like lily leaf the moon shines on ;—

The dark brown hair without a braid,
(Unlike the dress of Turkish maid), ⁽²⁾
In artless curls all unconfined,
Is wandering in the midnight wind ;—
And save the tear that gently slid,
Though the large, pure, and stirless lid,
Half shrouds the azure eye from view,
Like snow-flake o'er the violet blue,—
Save sigh that from her lips is straying,
Like summer's breath through rose-leaves playing,—
Save these, you might indeed have thought
That form no more with life was fraught,
But that the guiltless soul had ta'en
Its bower of bliss in Heaven again.

While thus in stirless trance she lay,
Like frozen flower on Winter's day,
While heedlessly her arm is thrown
Round her conductor's blood-stain'd one,

While with unconscious clasp she press'd
Her guiltless, to his guilty breast,
Like rainbow round the tempest's wrath,
Or flowret on the desert's path,
Like dew-drop on the wither'd leaf,
Or smile upon the brow of death,—
It seem'd as though a fiend of Hell
Had climb'd the height where Angels dwell,
And rushing on the unconscious fair,
Had stolen the brightest Houri there.

VI.

With many a slippery step he speeds
O'er broken rock, and Ocean weeds;—
Then winding upward, gains the steep
That beetles o'er the Ægean deep,—
There, though unspent, his course he stay'd,
And gently placed the senseless maid

Upon a couch, that lightning's shock
Had shiver'd from its parent rock ;—
His brand is sheath'd, his blazing guide
Goes flashing down the hissing tide,
His eye turns to the rocky home,
Where renegade, and pirate roam,
Gazing as though it would descry
The sought for—e'en in vacancy.

VII.

The wind from the *Ægean* main
Recalls the maid to life again,
As sunshine o'er the flowret steals,
Opening the leaves that night had closed,—
Returning sense each tint reveals,
That late in deathlike trance reposed—
The soft, and swimming eye uncloses,
Like summer's blue thro' white clouds streaming—

The forehead fair no more reposes

On the rude rock where late 'twas beaming—
The light blue eye, the dark brown curl,
The glowing lips, the teeth of pearl,
Now glance around her form of light,
Like stars about the moon at night.

VIII.

Like their shrieking, who wake

From the sweet dream that bound them,
And in vain strive to break

From a serpent twined round them,
Is the scream from her bosom that's swelling;—
Why starts she as though

From Hell's chasm beneath her,
Its Angels of woe

Had rose to enwreath her,
And bear her away to their dwelling;—

Around the wave-wash'd rock she flies,
As from that Hell, to Paradise ;—
But vain—her guide with folded hands
Before the narrow pathway stands.

IX.

“ Oh wrong me not! oh wrong me not!
“ Let not my lost, and ruin'd fame,
“ Muchtar, become the damning spot
“ To blast thee with eternal shame.—
“ Muchtar, once nought but love, and truth,
“ Companion of my guiltless youth,
“ Who swore his heart could only know,
“ One shadeless joy, one rayless woe,—
“ The joy—Phrosynè's ⁽³⁾ happiness,
“ The woe—her danger, or distress.
“ And can it be, that he whose tongue
“ With promise of protection wrung,

- “ Should snatch me thus,—a helpless prey,—
“ From safety, home, and friends away ?
“ Oh ! when returning memory’s light,
“ Reveals the deeds of this dark night,
“ What scenes float o’er my fever’d brain,
“ Like wrecks upon a winter’s main !—
“ The ominous, and fearful yell
“ Of flying slave, and sentinel—
“ The faint, and broken cry, “ They come !”—
“ The rush in the late festive dome—
“ The cloven crest—the bloody brand—
“ The closing eye—the nerveless hand—
“ The half in blood extinguish’d torch,—
“ Now mingle in the murky porch ;—
“ There, ’mid the wounded, dead, and dying,
“ Foeman, and friend, my Sire is lying :

-
- “ In vain my helpless hands would save
“ His grey hairs from a bloody grave ;
“ His wounds with his last life-blood swim,
“ Death flutters o’er each quivering limb.—
“ I know no more,—life’s fitful shock,
“ Return’d on this imprisoning rock ;
“ Then, Muchtar, if indeed it be
“ That thou hast doom’d this misery,
“ Yet by one act of mercy win
“ Pardon for each condemning sin.
“ Nay! frown not thus; on thee, on thee,
“ I never gazed but smilingly, —
“ Oh! turn not from me; was it so
“ Thy ’ploring hands were spurn’d by mine?
“ Thou, and yon Heaven doth truly know,
“ All fate would let me give—was thine;—

- “ Then wilt thou harm that helpless one,
“ Who never did, or dreamt thee wrong,
“ And by a fiendlike act call down
“ Mankind’s, and the Eternal’s frown?—
“ No, no, as we must one day meet
“ At that Eternal’s judgment-seat,
“ Who sees thee, and whose anger, ere
“ My words are hush’d, may cite thee there—
“ Oh! no, by that endearing time,
“ Ere thou hadst stain’d thy soul with crime,
“ By my unwavering confidence,
“ By thy sworn gage of love,—defence,
“ Lead me to my lost Father’s hall,
“ And though it now be desolate,
“ Still, when its ruin’d scenes recall
“ The doomer of my wretched fate,

“ Round thy remembrance shall entwine
“ This one redeeming deed of thine,
“ Which, like that mystic drop of rain
“ That falls on Egypt’s burning plain, (4)
“ Shall purify thy bloodstain’d brow,
“ And cause that Heaven to smile again,
“ Which frowns upon thee now.”

X.

Who’s he can gaze on loveliness
In hour of danger, or distress,
And pass it then unheeded by,
With sighless heart, and tearless eye?—
Who’s he can list to Innocence
Friendless, and ‘ploring for defence,
Nor yield hand, heart, soul, blood, and breath,
To shield through danger, life, and death,
The helpless creature that has press’d
For succour to our trusted breast?—

Dark Muchtar's flashing eye is bent
On her who low before him leant;
But ah ! 't was not a sunny beam,
Diffusing light, and joy,
But like the storm-wrought lightning's gleam,
That glares but to destroy.

XI.

“ What ! fair Phrosynè, sacrifice
“ The rich reward, the lovely prize,
“ I've bled, and watch'd for, night, and day,
“ Through Winter's shade, and Summer's ray ;
“ Forsooth, that pitying Heaven may shed
“ A pardon on my graceless head !
“ No,—though Ahasuerus be ⁽⁵⁾
“ One of the blest beside of me,
“ No,—though each star that gilds the space
“ Which circles round God's dwelling-place,

-
-
- “ Should hurl a bolt of vengeance forth
“ To blast me with eternal wrath.
“ Why should I seek to gain the love
“ Of that but mocking power above,
“ Who gave thee that enchanting form,
“ Made my then guiltless heart so warm,
“ Cast me beneath thy smile,—and then
“ Would tear me from its spells again?—
“ So lead thee back fond maid!—to whom?
“ To that boy Azim, whom my sword
“ Had hurried to an early tomb,
“ But for the slaves that round him pour’d?
“ To that boy Azim, who hath been
“ The cloud that kept thy smile from me,
“ The torrent that has roll’d between
“ My heart, and its felicity,
“ He who hath been a blast of wind
“ To part the flowers that else had twined?—

“ Ah! little dreamt he in his pride,
“ When thou wert smiling by his side,
“ That I would come with torch, and brand,
“ And tear thee from his woman’s hand,—
“ Yea, snatch his all but wedded bride
“ E’en from the very altar’s side.—
“ Then think not words can render vain
“ That power I’ve spent a life to gain,
“ Nor deem that foolish tears will melt
“ The heart that feels as mine has felt;—
“ No, maiden!—I but wait the bark
“ To waft thee through this friendly dark,
“ And bear thee to that distant shore
“ Which binds thee mine for evermore:
“ For if proud beauty still will scorn,
“ The love that ’neath it’s smile is born,

“ That beauty must be forced to grant
“ The sweets for which its lovers pant.—
“ Joy, joy, my bark ! see yonder light !
“ Shrink not Phrosynè from the sight,—
“ A moment more that bark will be
“ Thy prison, but a Heaven to me.”

XII.

Though steadily she gazes on
The signal that before her shone,
It seem'd as though her swimming eye
Were fix'd on nought but vacancy.—
'Twas so—yon torch might come to fire
Her faggot pil'd, and funeral pyre,
Or be a star of radiance given
To guide her from her woes—to Heaven:—
Still each bewilder'd thought, and sense
Would hail it with indifference.—

There is a point in sorrow's course,
Where feelings lose their former force,
And beyond that one fix'd degree,
Are wrapt in peaceful apathy,—
An apathy that shields the heart
From pleasure's balm, and sorrow's smart,—
As ice wrought on the raging sea
From winter's cold intensity,
Guards the now stilly stream beneath
From sunny beam, and tempest's breath.—
Amid exulting passion's trace
That marks wild Muchtar's working face,
Why clench the hands, why sinks the brow,
What madd'ning vision racks him now?—

XIII.

“ Darkness enwrap my blasted sight !
“ No ; yon is not my signal light !—

“ What rash, and treacherous footsteps come
“ To this the Giaour and Pirate’s home ?—
“ Ah ! numbers too, with sabres bared,
“ And carbine for the strife prepared.—
“ Oh, Hell ! ’tis to this rock they stray :
“ What ! have the bloodhounds track’d my way ?
“ Does my haught rival come to strain
“ Thee, maiden, from my embrace again ?”

XIV.

Yes it is madden’d Azim chases,
By wind-borne shriek, and blood-gout traces,
The reckless demon that has past
O’er him, and his, like Simoom blast ;—
Yet there is one, a lovely one,
Could he but call her still his own,
Whose smile of witchery would bless
His home, though but a wilderness ;

Yea, grow still dearer with each frown
That sorrow's darkening clouds send down,—
As the loadstar is gazed on most
When the frail bark is tempest-tost,—
As the sweet flower still dearer grows
When blossoming 'mid winter's snóws,—
As lovelier far the sun appears
When struggling through a heaven of tears.

XV.

The bay, the beach, the sands are past,
He gains the rocky steep at last ;
But stays bewilder'd at its base,
 With bursting heart, and fever'd brain,
For e'en *his* eye no more can trace
 The way his foe has ta'en.—
Oh ! droop not Azim, now so near
The hearts to love, and vengeance dear !—

This hour determ'ns thine earthly fate :—

Hark! from the rock's night-shrouded brow,
That cry of horror, fear, grief, hate,—

“ *Alas, in mercy spare me now!*”

Hark to that plunge into the main!—
Now all is deathlike peace again.

XVI.

To mount, and gain the rocky mound,
With Azim's but a moment's bound,—
Unheeding of the vengeful lead
That hisses past his helmless head,
He springs, and coils around his foe

With rage that scorns the tardy brand;
And reeling round the rock they go,
Till more than once an infant's hand
Had hurl'd them in the gulph below ;—

But hatred, and despair are nought,
Against the strength revenge has wrought,—
And Muchtar's serpent wreath'd like grasp
Grows faint before his foeman's clasp,—
He reels—he falls—the granite rock
Meets his unguarded forehead's shock:—
Once he essay'd to rise,—no more—
His life of guilty passion's o'er.—
Though pity, nor remorse are seen
Upon that visage, still, between
Each thick, and failing gasp of breath,
That harbinger'd his way to death,
His features wore a trace which ne'er
In life was seen a moment there ;—
Was 't conscience?—conscience that breaks in
Through scorning courage, harden'd sin,
Sweeping with vengeance the lost breast,
That spurn'd it as a friendly guest?—

As mountain stream, whose waters force
Each bank that's raised to stop its course,
Rushes along the plain beneath,
Marking its way with wrack, and death.—
'Twas but a moment,—and his heart
Again usurps the tyrant part ;
And when he raised his sinking eye
To his still hated enemy,
And mark'd the horror, and despair,
Like wave, and wind, contending there,
It seem'd as though that glance had stole
Half of death's torment from his soul.

XVII.

“ Yes ; thou hast conquer'd, if it be
“ That wretched life is victory:
“ If still to drag existence on,
“ With thy once-envied rival gone,

“ Be triumph ;—then indeed thy fate
“ Has o’ercome e’en my quenchless hate ;—
“ But if, like mine, thy bosom’s core
“ The image of Phrosyné bore—
“ If thy soul’s hope was to possess
“ That form of light, and loveliness,—
“ Who then should boast ? ’tis I, ’tis I,
“ Thee, Hell, and Heaven, I defy—
“ For mine has been the victory !—
“ ’Tis true, ye bask’d beneath her eye,
“ With thy dread rival spurn’d;
“ True, that her lips return’d the sigh
“ Which from thy bosom burn’d ;
“ True, that the altar’s ‘ right divine’
“ Had placed her gentle hand in thine,—
“ But glorious triumph still was mine !

-
- “ Yes ; on this rock, one minute’s space,
“ One draught of bliss, one wild embrace,
“ Repaid me for my fate—my fall—
“ My Heaven lost, my Hell of flame ;
“ Gave that entrancing blissful all
“ That thou wilt never claim :—
“ Yes, she was mine—didst thou not hear?
“ Ah, yes ! that damp, and changing brow,
“ Tell that these accents damn’d thine ear—
“ *Alas ! in mercy spare me now !—*
“ Oh, like the forehead brand on Cain,
“ Those words shall on thine heart remain,
“ And sear’d so deep, that e’en the heart
“ Must wither ere the stain depart,—
“ While the imaginings they bring,
“ Shall mad thee with that torturing sting,

“ That withering blight, that quenchless curse,
“ Which e’en my hate could wish not worse :—
“ But perhaps thy bride’s endearing smile
“ Thy doting heart can still beguile,—
“ If still unchanged thou wilt adore
“ The flower another pluck’d and wore,
“ And drain the dregs of that sweet draught
“ Thy happier rival just has quaff’d,—
“ If still thou’lt cherish in thy breast
“ The beauties that these arms have press’d ;
“ And think those dewy lips divine,
“ Which but e’en now were kiss’d by mine :—
“ Go then—and seek the unsullied fair ;—
“ But where is she?—fool—rival—where?”—
The guilty soul has past away,
And silence sinks o’er rock, and bay ;

But the last accents of that tongue—
“Where is she?” through each bosom wrung.

XVIII.

Morn rises from the Ægean sea,
And all is light, and brilliancy ;
The date-tree grove, and citron bower,
Bloom as in young Creation's hour :—
Whoe'er could think such loveliness,
Where all seems form'd to soothe, or bless,
Could yield a scene so fraught with crime
As that which stain'd night's stormy time ?
Unheeding of each hour divine
That turns the face to Mecca's shrine, ⁽⁶⁾
Young Azim bounds from grove, to bower,
From rock, to shore, from hall, to tower.—
Once, and he thought Phrosyné's voice
Bade his torn heart again ‘rejoice,’—

Ah, no!—it was the breath of morn
Through her half-broken lattice borne ;—
Once, and he thought her form appear'd
In the rose bower her hands had rear'd,—
But no ! it was the wild Gazelle
That she in life had loved so well ;—
And more than once, the foam that shone
On the blue deep so light and wan,
He deem'd Phrosyné's baracan. }
Morning, noontide, and evening past,
Despair, and night, sunk down at last,—
And Azim could not e'en possess
The mournful task of tenderness,
Of strewing o'er her early tomb
The cassia's breath, and myrtle's bloom. (7)

XIX.

'Twas not that love, whose fiery trance
Springs from a touch, a word, a glance ;
And for a cause, perchance as vain,
To mere indifference sinks again,
Leaving the late enfever'd mind
A cold, and darken'd void behind ;—
'Twas not this passion which impress'd
Phrosyné's and her Azim's breast :—
'Twas love, which though unheeded caught—
Though faint its first impress be wrought,
Still strengthens through each darksome day,
That bade the vainer love, decay,—
Strengthens, 'till hope, fear, joy, distress,
Exist but in this sweet excess,—
'Till, wrought t' emotion so intense,
It forms e'en in itself, a sense,—

A purer life, a second soul,
From feeling more than passion stole—
And less from the possessor's own,
Than from the heart it dotes upon.
Then think what one fond bosom feels,
When fate a smile from t' other steals;—
Then think how Azim's heart must bleed,
 When she to whom his thoughts had press'd,
As mountain streams to Ocean speed,
 And only in its bosom rest,— (8)
When she who made e'en sorrow charm
Like moonlight on a midnight storm,—
When she whose cloudless smile had shone—
His being's sun,—was gone—was gone!

MISCELLANEOUS.



THOUGH the Anapæstic verse is too uniformly harmonious for lengthened compositions, still, for lyrics, and particularly love-songs, I have ever considered it the most beautiful. Nevertheless, I may be wrong ;—

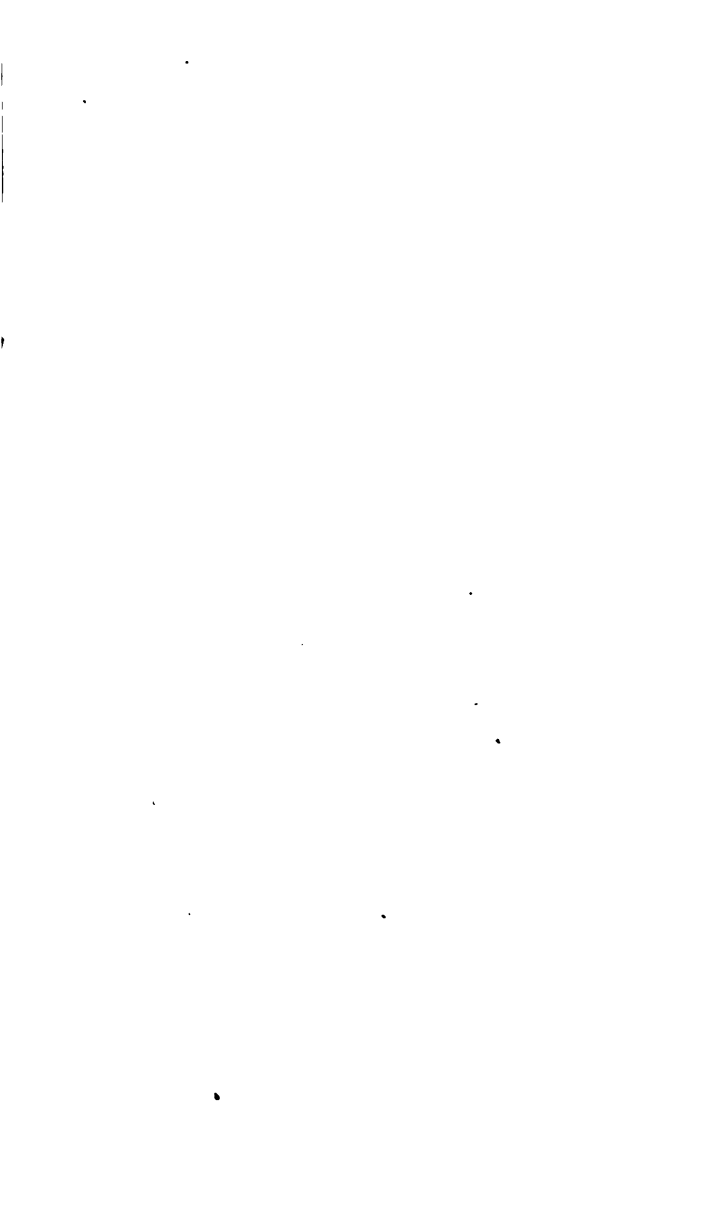
“ Τυφλοῦται περὶ τὸ φιλούμενον ὁ φιλῶν.”

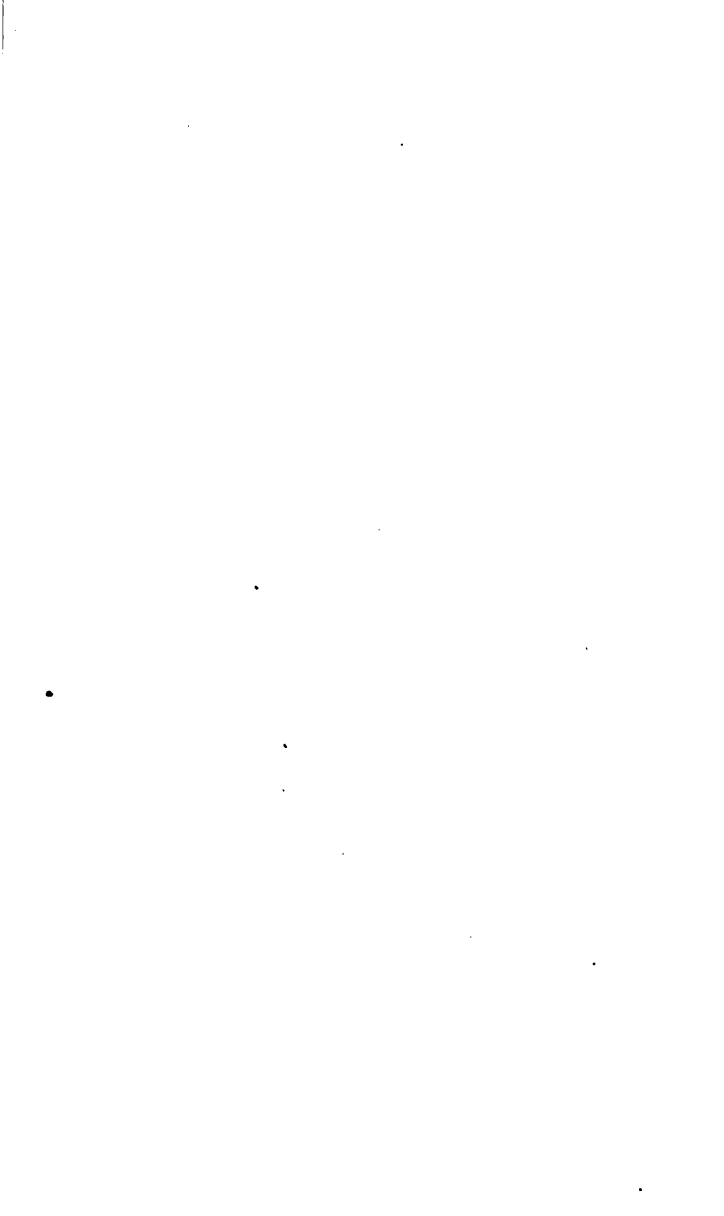
If this be the case, I have to ask pardon for the frequent introduction of that verse in the following pages.

It is this part of the volume for which I particularly entreat the indulgence of the reader. Though I certainly wrote not a line of poetry till I was in love, and though love is the pure Castalian spring, still, as many of the following pieces

were composed years ago, before I knew prosody and poetical composition, they were of course critically incorrect, as well as radically poor; and those " friends and loves" who hold original copies will find they have received no alteration since they were first written.

April 21, 1825.





MISCELLANEOUS.

SONG.

TO JULIET C—L—N.

I.

OH ! shrink not, my girl, at the past that has perish'd,
Though it's woes still in mem'ry are warm ;
For 'mid them our love was created, and cherish'd
Like the rainbow that's wrought in the storm.

II.

Oh! shrink not, my girl, with the fear of to-morrow,
Though our eyes with its tears may be wet;
Still our rainbow will shine through the heaven of
sorrow,
To tell us of joy coming yet.

III.

Oh! shrink not, my girl, at the thought,—death
will wither
One heart, while the other will stay;—
Like hues in the rainbow our hearts are together,
And together like them must decay.

SONG.

To C—— M——.

I.

YES ! many a time we 've seen day's beam

Melt in the western blue,

And many a time the goblet's stream

Has circled 'twixt us two ;—

But now no more thy love-warm'd lips

Will pledge this cup to mine—

Thus, hand in hand, we ne'er again

Behold yon sun decline.

II.

To-morrow sees thy bounding bark
Sweep o'er the waters blue,
To-morrow sees my home as dark
As late 'twas bright with you ;—
A single rock divides the streams
That flow'd in one before,
Thus on the morrow, one short hour
Parts us to meet no more.

III.

But when the burnt Aroma dies,
It leaves its scent behind—
And though the bloom of pleasure flies,
Its sweets still charm the mind ;—
And thus remembrance will preserve
Our “ love's young dream,” my dear ;
And thus, though waves may wash between,
Still fancy brings thee near.

IV.

Thus when alone I watch yon beam
In twilight's shade decline,
I'll think while watching too—you dream—
Of me and “auld lang syne;”—
And when this cup thy lips have blest,
Is quaff'd, dear girl, to you,
I'll think those lips e'en then have shed
Their dewy sweetness too.

TO MARY MORT—ER.

I.

OH, hinder me not! let me weep, let me weep!

There go thou and join the gay revel the while :
But the sorrows I sigh o'er, are too dark and deep
To be soothed,—no, not e'en by that rainbow-like
smile.

II.

Then haste to the hall where the dance, and the
song,

Will be waked into rapture, when shared in by
thee ;

And there, as thou movest in enchantment along,

Forget the earth bears one as wretched as me.—

III.

While seated alone in this wind-stricken bower,
I'll watch the dark clouds that deform the night-
sky,
And sigh as I think how, like them, sorrows lower,
O'er each scene where hope once shed its loveliest
die.

IV.

And then if a sound from thy revelry scene,
Shall stray to this spot where in darkness I sit,
'Twill seem like the sweet tone of joys that have
been,
And whose echo in memory's lingering yet.

V.

Tell me not that those joys of life's happier day,
Will once more bind my heart in their magical
chain ;

Tell me not my soul's sorrow will vanish away,
And the smile of enjoyment enchant me again!—

VI.

No—the frost-work that falls on the cinnamon tree,
Sheds the chillness of death through each branch
to its core,
And though with the first beam it melted may be,
Still the tree where 't has fall'n on, will flourish
no more. (9)

VII.

Thus the sorrows that now sink like ice on my heart,
May vanish when shone on by pleasure's warm
ray,
But a sadness will linger when these shall depart—
The relic of woe that will ne'er fade away.

VIII.

Then hinder me not! let me weep, let me weep!

There go thou and join the gay revel the while:

But the sorrows I sigh o'er, are too dark and deep

To be soothed—no, not e'en by thy rainbow-like
smile.

SONG.

I.

As yonder path of moonlight glows
Upon the trembling sea,
As though to invite from earth and woes
To heaven and purity,—
So shines love's bright, and witching beam,
Upon life's dark, and troubled stream.

II.

But though full fair yon pathway smiles,
The cold tide's still beneath,
And the vain foot its lure beguiles,
But hurries on to death :—
So shines love's bright, and witching beam,
Upon life's dark, and troubled stream.

SERENADE.

(COMPOSED FOR A PRIVATE THEATRE.)

I,

WHEN moonlight o'er fair Venice smiles,

And stars shine out on high,

'Tis sweet to watch those love-like isles

That gild night's cloudless sky :—

But dearer far, though far less bright,

Is that small spark to me,

Thou kindest like a loadstar light,

To guide my steps to thee,

Sweet girl,

To guide my steps to thee.

D

II.

When daylight dies, and pleasure's trance
Begins its magic sway,
'Tis sweet to join the noiseless dance,
And measure time away ;—
But dearer far, though far more frail,
Are those *light steps* to me,
I fix on yon balcony's rail,
To mount to love and thee,
Sweet girl,
To mount to love and thee.

III.

When gondolets glide o'er the deep,
In moonlight, love, and song,
'Tis sweet to hear the soft lute sweep
Its trembling notes along ;—

But dearer far, though fainter still,
Those whisper'd words to me,
That through my charmed senses thrill,
To welcome me to thee,
Sweet girl.
To welcome me to thee.

SONG.

TO F. B—R—T.

I.

WHEN the daybeam of pleasure in sorrow had set,
And rose not to cheer me again,
My bosom ne'er breathed forth a sigh of regret
'Mid the darkness that closed round me then ;—
For had day ever glisten'd, yon star had ne'er shone
So bright, so enchantingly clear,—
And thus when enjoyment's vain sunshine had gone,
It but made thy love doubly dear :—

II.

For yon dew-dropping bud, though it droops on the
bough,

Sparkles bright in the star's lonely gleam,
And sheds odour more sweet, and looks lovelier now,
Than when warm'd by the sun's brightest beam;—
Thus though joy has departed, still thou canst be-
guile

The frownings of sorrow's bleak night,—
Thus 'tis sweeter to weep 'neath thy tear-gilding
smile,

Than without it—to bask in delight.

SONG.

I.

'Tis the first "rose of Summer"
Fast fading away,
While her "lovely companions"
Are blossoming gay ;
Amid the sweet garden
It withers alone,
The only frail flower
Whose beauty is gone.

II.

Each eye that strays over
This bud-cover'd bed,
Rests at last on that lone branch
Whose glory is fled ;

And its blooming companions
 Can never conceal,
 The eye-grieving thorns
 Its lost blossoms reveal.

III.

Thus in life's dawning summer,
 When happiness plays,
 When love's sigh is warmest,
 Some "true heart" decays—
 Thus the lonely survivors
 Are left but to grieve
 O'er each mirth-marring relic,
 Death's cold fingers leave.

TO MY BROTHER.

It was when the foam of the wine-cup ran o'er,
When the more that we drank, made us long but
for more,
When our hearts were as light as the glasses we'd
drain'd,
And our mirth was as bright as the wine they 'd con-
tain'd :
“ Here's to friends that are absent !” when, quick as
the sound,
“ Here's to friends that are absent !” was shouted
around ;—
I alone sat in silence ; and was there then none
Who to mem'ry was sacred ? yes, yes, there was one—

One friend whose remembrance never will fade,
In enjoyment's bright beam, or misfortune's bleak
shade :

Though parted, that thought shall but make him
more dear—

Though distant, remembrance shall still bring him
near.

And I thought, when enjoyment around him should
smile,

Would he turn to the friends that are absent the
while ?

Would he, when encircled in pleasure's sweet dream,
E'en think of that one who now thought but on him ?

Oh, yes! when the past in his mem'ry runs o'er,

Or hope to the future flies on,

Affection will trace me 'mid joy that's no more,

And the visions that fancy has drawn.

TO C. R—M—Y.

I.

COME, pardon me, love, for the kiss which I stole
When slumber thy black eyes shaded,
For thy lips smiled so sweet, that from tropic to
pole,
There was naught look'd so tempting as they did.

II.

And Cupid, who round thy soft vision flew,
Said "*on purpose*" thou slumberedst so, love;
And I ask'd thee, my dear, if the boy had spoke true,
And I'll swear that you never said "*no*," love.

SONG.

I.

As brightness still hangs in the evening sky,
 Though the source of its splendour be gone,
 So mem'ry's reflection of pleasures that die
 Through the night-time of sorrow live on ;—

II.

As the tear-drops of nature, at day's darkling eve,
 Over bud, leaf, and flower, is shed,
 Thus our hearts amid coldness, and darkness grieve,
 For the sun of that morn which has fled. ⁽¹⁰⁾

DUETTO.

FIRST.*

HEAREST thou the robin singing
From yonder tree with snow o'erspread,
To its summer home still clinging,
Though other birds with sunshine fled ;
Say, love, when fate shall harm me,
With sorrows o'er my pathway strewn,
Wilt thou thus stay to charm me,
Though faithless friends and joy have flown?

* I need scarcely say, that I have not used the terms "First" and "Second" in the sense in which those words are generally used in music, but merely to distinguish the parts.

SECOND.

Yes, like that bird so true, love,
That sings when summer's past away,
Thus, thus I'll cling to you, love,
When joys, when friends, and hopes decay ;
And when life's sky is drearest,
Affection then will charm thee more,
As the robin's note is dearest
When alone it cheers the wintry hour.

FIRST.

Seest thou yon last rose twining
Around a bare and wither'd stem,
Whose loss it seems repining
With many a dewy sparkling gem ;

Say—when for death's sweet calm, love,
I leave the storms that darkle here,
Oh ! wilt thou thus embalm, love,
My relics with affection's tear ?

SECOND.

Oh ! no—not like that flower
That's mourning o'er a kindred rose,
Will I weep in the hour
Which sees in death thine eyelids close ;
For far more close together
Than summer-flowers our hearts entwine,
And the " winter"—" death"—must wither—
And kindly too—my heart with thine.

TO JULIET C—L—N.

IMPROMPTU.

I.

NAY, look not, my love, to yon starry sky,
As wishing for Angel's wings to fly,
And to mingle with yonder eternal glow,
While your lover shall mourn thee in darkness
below.

II.

Believe me, there is not, in yon beaming sphere,
One who'd love thee as I who am clasping thee here;
Nor think how thou'dst pour Heaven's blessings on
me—

For wherever thou art, there my Heaven must be.

LINES

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

I.

SWEET star! sweet star! that shines so bright
In the blue waste of cloudless night,
How oft—as now—thy beam has shed
Its glory round my pillow'd head!

II.

How oft upon the river's tide
When my light skiff seem'd scarce to glide,
How oft I've watch'd thy soft light sleep,
On the white sail and waveless deep!

III.

How oft I've rhymed upon thy ray,
With those who now are far away—
With those who said they 'd think of me,
Whene'er their gaze was fix'd on thee!

IV.

Sweet star! sweet star! when youth is fled—
When friends, and loves, are cold, and dead,
Thou still wilt shine as fair,—as now—
Thy beauties blanch my pillow'd brow ;—

V.

But then thy beam will be the last
Sad relic of the bliss that's past ;
And its tale-telling smile will dart
Around the tear it forced to start.

SONG.

I.

THE summer has faded; the waning sun's ray,
That exhibits the leafless willow,
Is as cold as the visions of pleasure that play
Around sorrow's midnight pillow.

II.

How like to my heart ! for how lately that heart
Bask'd in love, music, moonlight, and gladness ;
And now, like the summer, its feelings impart
The same tale of ruin and sadness.

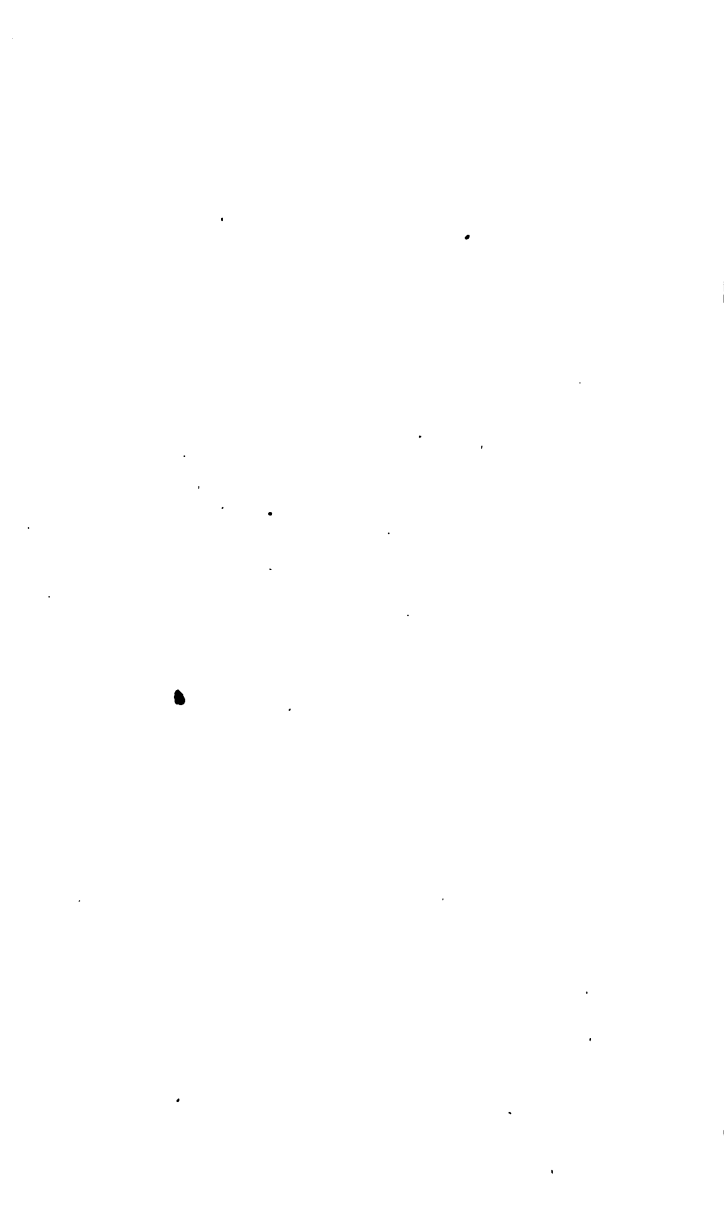
III.

The summer returns, and its blossoms again

Will blush over fountain and river ;—

But the coldness that clings round the heart will
remain,

And its feelings are faded—for ever.



THE beautiful and amiable girl, who is the subject of the following lines, died in her nineteenth year, of a decline occasioned by excessive grief for the death of her brother. The last time I saw her was a few minutes after the physicians had declared her recovery hopeless. When I entered the drawing-room she was alone, and reclining on a couch; her small hand was playing amid the strings of her harp, and her faint yet still sweet voice was breathing some few notes of a song I had composed for her in happier hours.—Again I say, she died,—Heaven was entwining a wreath to adorn its tree of eternal life, and wanting a fairer flower than the sphere above could supply, took Mary M—ti—er. The following poor record of my feelings has already received its highest reward, in the tear which many who knew the “true heart that’s wither’d” have shed over it.



TO MARY M—TI—ER.

I.

MARY, I've seen thy form decay
 'Neath languor's wasting blight,
 As breath of winter, day by day,
 Scatters the tree's green leaves away,
 That late so charm'd the sight.

II.

That eye which once with summer shone
 To deck a brow as graced,
 Now lights that cheek whose glory's gone,
 Like moonlight pure but coldly wan,
 On winter's snowy waste.

III.

Still dearest girl upon that face
 Though beauty's sun be set,
Still—grief, decay, cannot erase
The soul-drawn charm, the soften'd grace,
 That smiles there sweetly yet ;—

IV.

Loveliness of more witching power
 Than beauty's brightest ray,
And Mary ! in this woeworn hour
Thou charrest most, like sculptured tower
 That's mouldring fast away.

V.

And as the ivy's closest twined
 Round such decay-wrought grace,
As falling stone, as rent of wind,
But serves that ivy's wreaths to bind,
 Another close embrace.—

VI.

Thus, thus as waned that lovely form,
My soul's affection spread,
And round that wreck of sorrow's storm
Has circled an endearment warm,
For each bright tint that's fled.

VII.

But vain, alas! our feelings try
To shield the gems they shrine;
Full soon thou'lt breathe life's parting sigh,
And with thy buried heart will lie
The better half of mine.

VIII.

I will not say "I'd have thee live,"
For that indeed were vain;
Alas! if prayers were creative,
Thou ne'er hadst sigh'd,—if wishes give,
Thou ne'er wilt sigh again.

IX.

Then shall I say "how much I weep
Thy early death?" No, no—
'Twould only mock the tears that steep
My brightest hours, like drops that creep
From melting mounds of snow.

X.

But I will say, "when thou art gone,
How dear thy name shall be—
That each year rolling slowly on
Shall find me, like the former one,
Still thinking but of thee ;—

XI.

"That when enjoyments round me beam,
My heart will muse the while
Upon that short, yet witching dream,
That once was ours, when life's young stream
Was gilded with thy smile."

XII.

But while my thoughts with quenchless care
Round thy remembrance twine,
Oh ! shall the past our memories share ;
Or think I but of one, who ne'er
Recalls a trace of mine ?—

XIII.

Say, when those lips whose kiss has bless'd
Mine own for evermore,—
When this, thy hand, that now is press'd
All trembling to my aching breast,
Shall loose the spells they bore :—

XIV.

Say, Mary, when to thee is given
Unfading bliss above,
Wilt thou amid the bowers of heaven,
E'er think of him thy loss has riven
Of first, and only love ?—

XV.

Wilt thou (if Heaven forbid it not)

E'er quit a happier sphere,
To hover o'er the earthly spot,
Where fate has fixt the lonely lot
Of him who lingers here?—

XVI.

Thou wilt—those tearful eyes express

The “yes” their tears withhold ;
That swimming look of tenderness
Tells me thy spirit still will bless
My path, though thou art cold.

XVII.

Then, when that star in western blue,

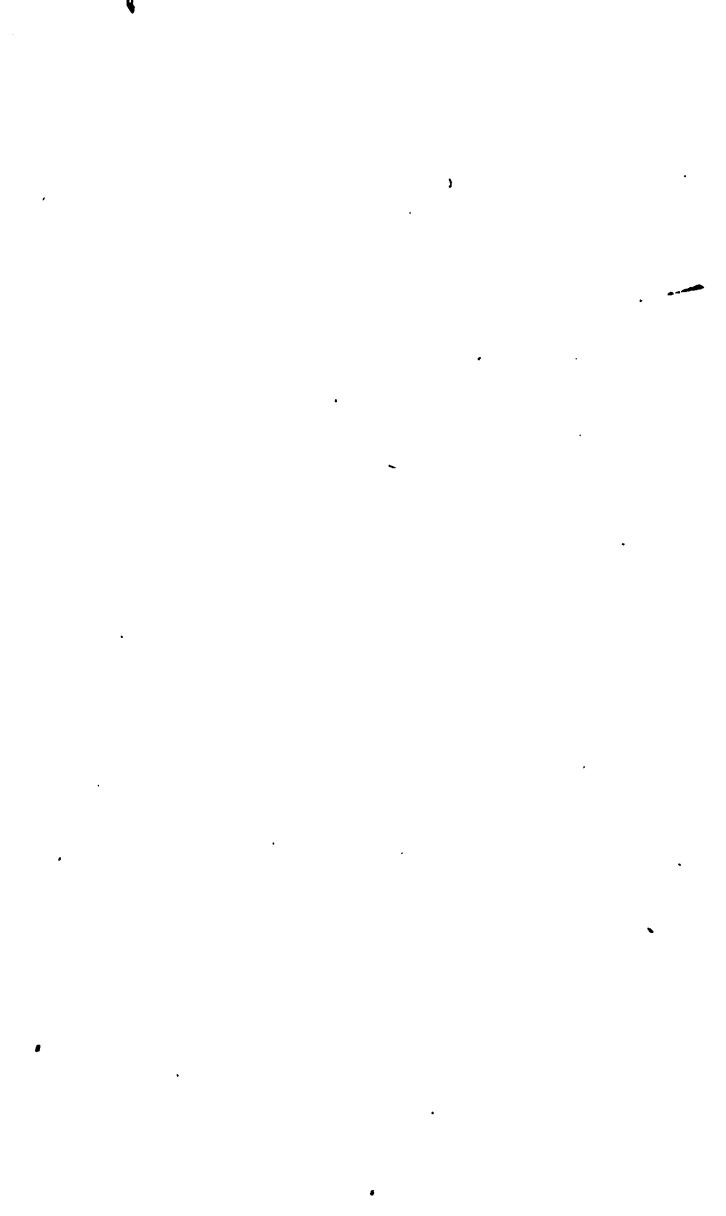
So often watch'd with thee,
Beams on my solitary view,
I'll think thy spirit smiles there too
A blessing down on me.

XVIII.

And though life's sky be overcast
With fate's joy-withering glooms,
Still, with thy hallowing presence graced,
'Twill yet seem sweet, like leafless waste
The faded rose perfumes.



NOTES.



NOTES.

NOTE (1) PAGE I.

*“ The mystic flame Mount Samos shows
When clouds and midnight round it close.”*

Mount Samos, supposed to be whence Jupiter hurled his thunder on the world below. “ A flame in foggy weather is seen about two-thirds of the way up.”— (Dr. Clarke.) Unlike, however, a similar appearance near the village Deliktash in Natolia, which is incessant, and which Captain Beaufort was told “ had never

changed its present size and appearance," the flame on Mount Samos is so changeable as often to mislead the pilots of the *Ægean*. I am not aware, either, of there being any authority for supposing this latter phenomenon to have existed for any great length of time; while the former is even spoken of by Pliny.

NOTE (2) PAGE 7.

*" The dark brown hair without a braid
(Unlike the dress of Turkish maid)."*

So customary is it to adorn the hair in Turkey, that those who cannot obtain diamonds for that purpose, even use small copper coins strung together and tangled with the tresses.

NOTE (3) PAGE 11.

"The joy—Phrosyné's happiness."

In Hobhouse's work on Albania, it will be found that this proper name is written Zofreni. Major Leake, however, in his Remarks on Hobhouse's work, page 410, contends for Frosini, Φροσύνη short for Ευφροσύνη. I have no opinion on the matter to give; but, as the pronunciation is doubtful, I trust I may be allowed to use that which appears to me the most musical.

NOTE (4) PAGE 15.

"Which, like that mystic drop of rain

That falls on Egypt's burning plain."

There is a "miraculous drop" which falls in Egypt exactly on St. John's day, in June, and which is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

NOTE (5) PAGE 16.

*"No, though Ahasuerus be
One of the blest beside of me."*

When I inform my reader that I here allude to Ahasuerus, the "Wandering Jew," I am sure no particular reference will be necessary—the tale of this fabled individual being too well known to need one.

NOTE (6) PAGE 29.

*"Unheeding of each hour divine
That turns the face to Mecca's shrine."*

See "Sale's Koran," — or Gibbon, vol. vi. page 288.
"Five times every day the nations at Astracan, at Fez, at Delhi, are devoutly turned to the holy temple of Mecca."

NOTE (7) PAGE 30.

*“ strewing o'er her early tomb
The cassia's breath, and myrtle's bloom.”*

“ They put some green myrtles in little air-holes that are round the tombs; and they are of opinion that their relations are the happier, the longer these remain green and retain their colour.”—*Rauwolff's Travels.*

NOTE (8) Page 32.

*“ Then think how Asim's heart must bleed,
When she to whom his thoughts had press'd,
As mountain-streams to ocean speed,
And only in its bosom rest.”*

It appears I have taken this figure from one of Lord Byron's finest pieces, namely, “ A Dream,” commencing, I believe, with “ Our life is twofold.”

NOTE (9) PAGE 46.

*“ The frost-work that falls on the cinnamon tree,
Sheds the chillness of death through each branch to its
core.”*

It was not till the sheet in which these lines appear was printed, that I found I had lost the reference to the work in which this circumstance is mentioned. I thought I had met with it in “ L’Afrique de Marmol ;” but on looking over that book, it appears I was mistaken : Virgil says,

“ Qui amant ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.”

Still, I certainly *had* some authority for my lines ; however, as I cannot find it, I must throw myself on the mercy of my reader, trusting he will do that for “ charity” which is not “ nominated in the bond.”

NOTE (10) PAGE 59.

From the melancholy strain which pervades this, and most of my other pieces, it will be imagined that the admonitions of Democritus were ever neglected; the fact is, that most of my compositions of a lighter nature owe their interest (if they possess any) to peculiar and private incidents with which the general reader would be uninterested, and consequently I have refrained from introducing such to his notice.

THE END.

ERRATA.

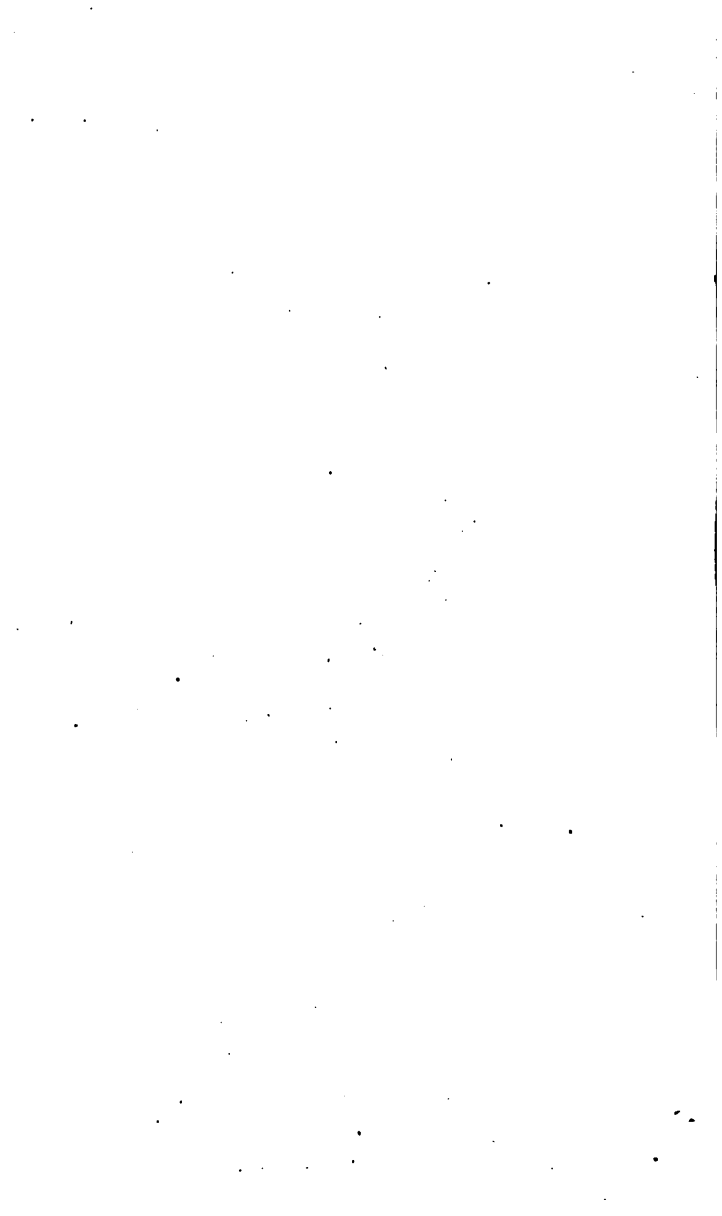
Page 36, for "no alteration," read "no material alteration."

46, — "The relic," read "That relic."

53, — "C. R—m—y," read "E. R—m—y."

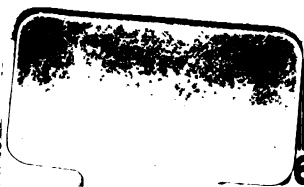
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